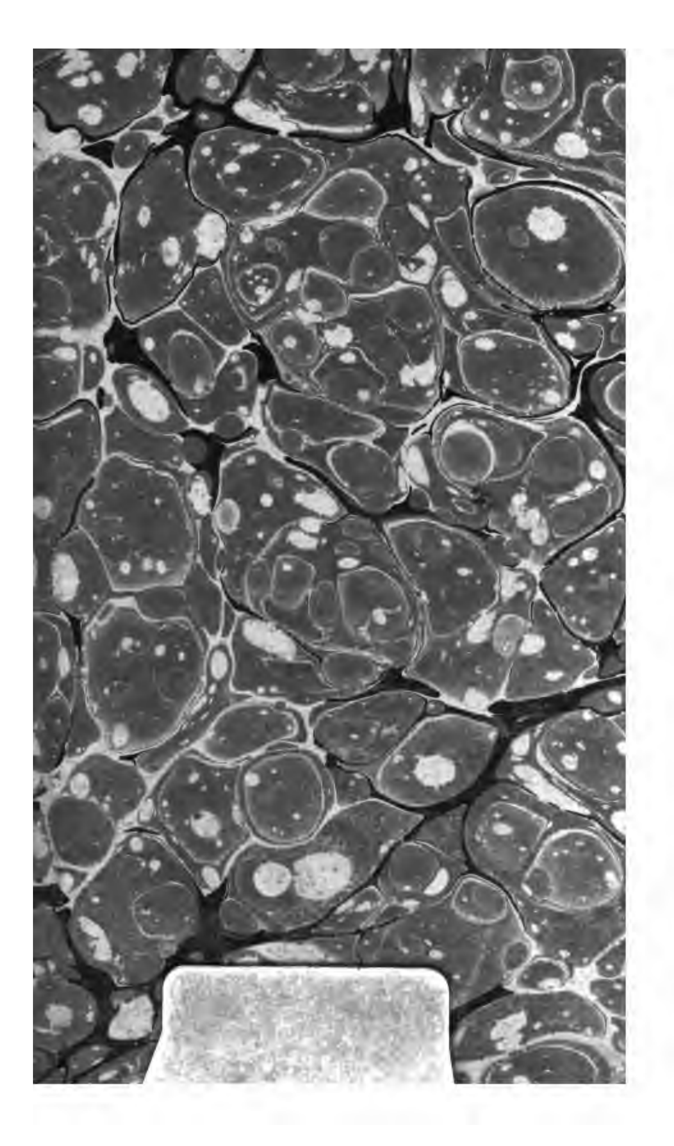
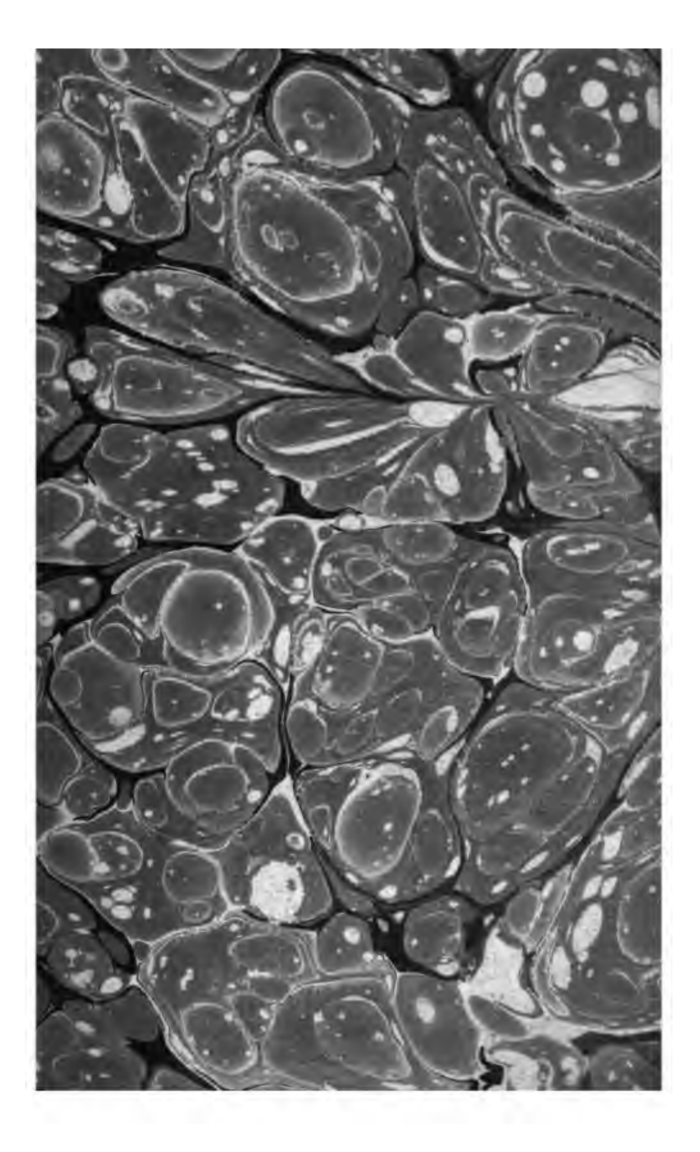




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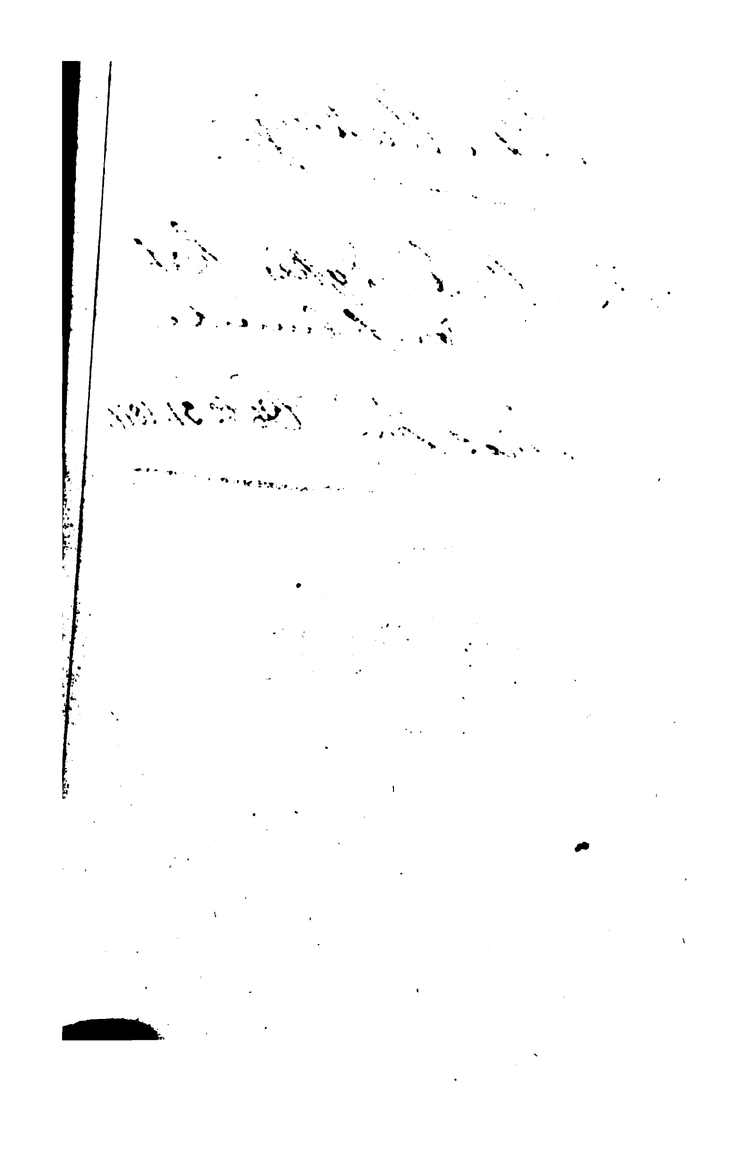
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Miss Making.

With Mr. W. Dykes best
Compliments.

Liver Pool - ~~Oct~~. 31. 18[illegible]



VERSES

AND

IMPROMPTUS

ON

VARIOUS AND OCCASIONAL

SUBJECTS.

BY

T. WEBB DYKE, Esq.

BARRISTER OF LINCOLN'S-INN.

LONDON:

Printed by Cox and Baylis, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields;

And

Sold by BUDD, Pall-Mall; KERBY, Stafford Street, New Bond Street;
DULAU and Co. Soho Square; BENTLEY, Paternoster Row, and
J. NUNN, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

1811.

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LADY CATHERINE TYLNEY LONG.

Madam,

The very handsome and flattering manner, in ˈich your Ladyship condescended to accept the dedica- n of the following trifle, demands, and has, my rmest and most grateful acknowledgments. I hope ur Ladyship will do me the justice to believe the asser- n, that it was not because Lady Catherine Tylney Long is a person of exalted birth, rank, talents, and merit; because, being one of the happiest and most enviable parents, her society is eagerly sought after, by all e rank and fashion of our times;—that she and her mily are the pride and ornament of my native county, ien it is favored with their residence;—it was not, I peat, for even these powerful reasons, that I was ambi- us of dedicating my pseudo-poetical effusions to your ıdyship. In seeking such a distinguished honor, I was tuated, principally by an anxious desire that this my st public appearance should boast the sanction and sup-

port of your Ladyship; because, most probably, you know something of my family; though myself have the misfortune to be known to your Ladyship only by name.

Having (through the unmerited kindness of your Ladyship) happily succeeded in this my favorite expectation, and having already had the honor of receiving your favorable opinion of this little volume;—I am perfectly at ease, as to the public reception it may meet with. My good fortune, in the instance alluded to, leaves me free from anxiety as to my book's future fate.

I will not allow myself to express all that grateful feelings dictate; lest, in the judgment of indifferent persons, my language should bear the appearance of insincerity.

I have the honor to be, most unfeignedly,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

very seriously obliged and

truly devoted Servant,

THOMAS WEBB DYKE.

Lincoln's-Inn,

Oct. 22, 1811.

PREFACE.

WITHOUT conceiving that professed haste, occasioned by a sort of "*cacoethes scribendi,*" furnishes an excuse for any publisher,—much less for one, who writes more for the amusement of leisure hours, than from other motives;—the author of the following work still feels himself justified in deprecating the severe criticism of a discerning public, by declaring to those, who may honor the production with their perusal, that, (excepting the verses on the death of his highly valued sister-in-law, which were written many years ago) the whole of the pieces may almost be stiled *impromptus.* The longest poem, on "*Religion,*" did not occupy his time or attention *twelve hours*;—none of the others, *two* hours :—and the greater part of

them were composed on the spur of the moment; and as occasional subjects offered.

Under such circumstances, the writer submits this, his first, attempt at authorship, to the eye of liberal readers, without feeling much anxiety for its fate, on the score of fastidious and scrutinizing nicety. They who know nothing of the author, will, perhaps, before they incumber themselves with the book, wait the decision of the many-headed, many-hearted, literary demi-gods, modern reviewers; some of whom, to the disgrace of the British press, and the terror of such humble candidates for poetical laurels, as himself, too well exemplify the ancient definition of a critic;—"one, who is more attentive to what is "*absent*, than to what is *present*." As the writer of the following "heterogeneous mass," is totally unknown to all this formidable body, he entertains no apprehensions of their lash, from the consciousness of previous irritation:—and he supposes, that, they who criticize his hasty offerings, with candour and moderation, will be disposed to soften the point of severity and sarcasm, when they are faithfully, though not vauntingly, informed, that, though he may modestly deprecate the bitterness of *their* judgment, he

boldly braves the opposition of all such malicious critics, (if any exist) as make it their profession, to *hunt down* those authors, who have the temerity to defy their ordeal.

Many valued and valuable friends of the writer, will, he is sure, read the following verses, more out of regard to himself, than to his writings. To such, he makes no apology for placing them in a situation, where they could scarcely chuse but purchase his book; —because, the entreaties of many such friends, principally, induced him to appear before the public.

In fine, the author boldly thinks, that, as a first attempt, he has full right to publish just what he pleases, meritorious or not; provided he do not trench on morality, or good manners: especially, since he does so, at his own risk; and has not pledged himself to the world by soliciting previous subscriptions. Had it been his good fortune, to have already obtained a splendid Parnassian wreath, and to have established his fame, as an author, *then*, indeed, he would consider it perfectly unjustifiable and inexcusable, to publish, under the sanction of acknowledged talents, a work, wherein, with some things deserving praise, were

blended parts, wholly unbecoming his name, and would disgrace even a schoolboy. *Such* authors, fortunately, there are; but to those, he leaves sort of satisfaction, which must, or should, arise f the recollection of having disappointed justly-ra public expectations, and ushered into the world, ur the authority of acquired celebrity, works, disgrac to their genius; useless, or, dangerous, to ind duals; and subversive of their former fame!

The different pieces were intended to follow e other, in chronological order:—but in the hurry publication, not sufficiently, perhaps, attended to the author, such an arrangement has, in some stances, been interrupted.

October 6, 1811.

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ERRATA.

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VERSES,
&c. &c.

RELIGION,
The only solid Happiness on Earth.

A Letter to a Female Friend.

Chesulden, August 15, 1811.

WHILST others beat the common track of life,
In search of pleasure, reaping endless strife;
The dregs of happiness, and refuse joys,
Bliss without hope, and hopes, enjoyment cloys,
Eagerly seek, by ev'ry crooked way;—
Let no such senseless toil, my mind, delay;
But, be mine heart, hand, pen, together bent
On sacred subjects, which ensure content,

Unmixed delight,—Reflection unalloyed,
And hopes of Heav'n!—let me be so employed;—
Religion's purer path, my footsteps tread;
Attend the *living* ; leave the *living-dead.*

And first, my friend! enough of *love,* its cares,
False, flatt'ring, hopes, and worse perplexing fears;—
I'll quit the barren soil, and strive to gain
An happier island, in the distant main;
Wherein, alone, though storms, around it, beat;
My wearied soul may know a safe retreat :—
Disorder'd, sicken'd, by chill treatment, here,
With your kind aid, a safer course, she'd steer.
Religion, now, be her ambitious aim ;—
An object, worthy of her glowing flame !—
Alone deserving of that homage paid,
Of late, to Goddess, false, myself had made.

Tell me, *Clarinda*, from what source, deceived,
The self-deluding story, I believed,
That happiness could flow from earthly love,
Or any flame, not kindled from above?
Wishes, that should, beyond the clouds, aspire,
And, in our breasts, create an holy fire,
Yet, groveling, link us to a meaner joy,
Which never satisfies, and, soon, will cloy;—
Trifles,—which, only children, should employ!

Thus much I grant,—no crimes, our passions are,
When guided, guarded, by fair Reason's care:
They are, at least, a part of happiness,
If bounteous Heaven, our just desires, bless;—
But, when the torrent, with impetuous sway,
Wild, among stormy billows, rolls away,

Whose souls, ne'er-ending torture must endure,
For the slight pleasures vice and sin procure!
So slight, indeed, empty, contemptible,
Can only please beings detestable.
In some few hours, the gay delusion flies;
Wherein man's surest, worst destruction lies.
Had we the brittle thread of destiny
In our guidance, to extend our day
To equal such as our forefathers knew;
Ere luxury and fell diseases grew;—
Nay, could we spin it out, until it reach
The utmost limits, time itself can teach;—
When, at its end, it, there, must cease to be;
Quite swallowed up, in dread Eternity!
And such proportion, as one grain of sand
Bears to the countless myriads on the strand.

Time's latest day will, even such, appear,
When, with Eternity, we, time, compare.
For, finites, ne'er so much enlarg'd, must be
Still only finites,—not Eternity.
But, how far short of this must we ascend,
If we, to common rates of life, attend!
Yet, where has, a millenian state been tried?
Man, rarely, does a century abide:..
How few, to that we call "old age," arrive!
How fewer, still, from length of days, derive
Comfort, or ease; or, may be said to live!
Still, folly's victims! to such life, we cling;
Still dread the visit of stern terrors' king!
Ask one, whose crutches keep him from the grave,
If, yet, enough of toilsome life, he have?

If he'd resign th'expiring spark, unforced;—
Consent his soul and body be divorced?—
"Not yet," he cries, "I wish, awhile, to live;
"In hope I may, my time mispent, retrieve."—
His senses, not quite glutted, fain he'd stay;—
In all his prayers, asks another day.
That life is short, which, none, can satisfy;—
And none, we find, are just prepared to die.
—For that poor wretch, who seeks untimely death,
Who, without leave, resigns his struggling breath,—
Dares, impiously, oppose his Maker's laws,
Presumptuously arraign the great first cause,—
And, unlibated, with pollution foul,
Returns, to God, his ill-condition'd soul;—
—'Tis not, that length of life's, a burthen, grown;
'Tis mean despair, which only *cowards* own.

Such, falsely say, they're weary of their life;
Yet, would still keep it,—chequer'd not with strife.
But, hence, *Clarinda*, sinners may deduce
No smallest part,—unfit for their abuse.

Childhood and age, we must, of force, resign;
Here, wanting pow'r;—there, sinning, sans design.
Infancy, softest of delights, employs;
Amusing pleasures; uncorrupting joys;
In harmless converse, children, time, beguile;
Their arts—a moving tear, a speaking smile:
By such endearments, all their wishes win;
Whose arts are innocent, need never sin.
Pliant their minds, well suited to receive
Any impressions, prudent tutors give:—
Here, they're prepared for virtue or for vice;—
Whatever rules, their infant love, entice.

But, until judgment, with their years, have grown,
And good, from evil, be distinctly known,
They scarce are objects of a law, which they
Know not; or, knowing, cannot disobey.
Old men have better reasons, to prevent
Their sinning on; or, sinning, their content.
Disease and pain, in varied shapes, attend;—
Coughs rack the lungs; with palsy, hands contend:
Salt wat'ry rheums, their dizzen'd eyes distil,
And, down their pallid cheeks, the furrows, fill.
Coldness contracts the organs of the ear;
Nor can they, longer, cheering music, hear.
Their taste and smell are lost; their feeling gone;
And, their existence, murmurs tell, alone!
The stone, the cholic, sicken'd years will send;
Cruel momentos of approaching end!—

Yet, those, infatuate fools!—when pleasing vice
Forsakes them, cling to nauseate avarice.
Make heaps of gold, the gods of doating age;
Worship their Baal, till they quit the stage.
Thus youth and manhood foolishly employ
Those fatal treasures, which, their souls, destroy.
Youth!—the gay spring of pleasures, tempting, sweet,
Senses lay willing tribute at their feet:
Th'officious mind, too, seeks for further charms
In conversation, commerce, arts and arms.—
Yet, in our looser times, my friend! we see,
Though honor call, from duty, many flee:
And all their study, all their boasted arts,
Are to betray unpractised virgin-hearts!

Their converse, too, is, wholly vicious, grown;
By male intrigue and scandal, chiefly known:
Pleasure, alone, they own for Deity;—
Their guide,—the Epicure's philosophy;—
And their prime object, dear variety:
In wine and women's orbs, alternate, move;
First, drink till drunk; and, then, drink deep of Lov
Wine!—the kind comfort of our griefs and cares,
Our sorrows, mitigates, dispels our fears;
When moderately used, supplies the veins
With gen'rous blood, and leads to manly strains:
But, if abused, and taken to excess,
It urges to the height of wickedness:—
Reason's quite lost, and man is hurried on
To the last limits of temptation!

Women, 'tis true, at first, were formed fair;
Gentle and good, almost, as Angels are:—
No slender part of that exalted bliss,
Was mutually enjoy'd in Paradise.
But, quickly, she, to tempt her lord, began:—
And, now, *each woman is an Eve to man.*
False-gilded pleasures, round our path, they strew,
And tempting, empty, charms, where'er we go:
We, too, too freely, yield ourselves to sin,
When charming woman does, her wiles, begin.
But, oh! how short and trifling are the joys,
Wherein vain youth, his days and strength employs;
How few the years, if e'en the whole, we view;—
How many may be taken from those few!—
'Tis no small portion, Nature's self requires;
Unless she's served, our pleasure quickly tires.

And what's design'd to yield us happiness,
Too long enjoy'd, nothing, affords us, less!
The glutted sense is palled; and we despise
What late we sought with eager, anxious eyes.
Our palates vitiated, we refuse
The wine, we did, so recently, abuse:
We loath the woman dear, but just enjoyed:
The sense is sated; appetite is cloyed.
And thus, perforce, we, for a time, abstain;
If, only, to resume our sin again!—
These intervals allow'd, still we sin on;
Till, to a riper age and sense, we're grown:
And, then, quite glutted with the joys of sense,
A novel trade of sinning, we commence.
Pride and ambition, all our bosoms, sway;
And sense, that rul'd before, must now obey.

We grasp at honor, with a swelling frame;
Vain titles, and a celebrated name.
In courts, by bribes and flattery, we rise
Ourselves to notice;—newly long'd for prize.
Purchasing grandeur, at the vast expence
Of nobler honesty and innocence!
If sounding titles, for a blockhead's, pass,
They'll bow and cringe before the stately ass:
Unask'd his panders and his pimps, will be;
Buffoons, butts, jesters to his company.
Nay, more,—if he'll befriend them with the k—g
New place, procure, or some fresh honor bring,
Their wifes', or sisters', modesty shall be
(Oh! base exchange!) their lustful patron's fee);
For, that, alone, by such, is counted vice,
Which curbs ambition, checks their growing rise.

The citizen, in humbler sphere, must move;
Yet, ever influenced by apes above:
His virtue, honor, soul, he prostitutes
For sordid gain; which all his doubts, refutes;
And that, of all religions, he will chuse,
Which crams his coffers, leaves his conscience loose
He tries all methods to be popular;
Procures the scarlet gown, or civic chair:
But he'll strive hard to earn, by any plan,
"Good morrow, Mr. Common-council-man."
If, at his shop, the sparks and beaux appear,
An handsome wife shall sell her husband's ware;
And these, beside the price, I scorn to note,
Will ever, for their civil c——d, vote.
But, oh! how vainly, these lost fools mispend
Their toilsome days, to gain a vainer end!

All that they purchase at such mighty rate,
Is but the empty name of being great:
Great fools, indeed!—whose juster infamy
Shall live, when all their other titles die:
Soon, all their dear bought wealth, and proud domains,
Shall vanish, by some spendthrift's equal pains.
Thus, quicker will escape, what they to get
Ran their souls deep into Almighty debt:
Profuseness melt away, on wine and w——s,
What turn'd, perhaps, poor widows out of doors.
The tears, which at the funeral, were shed,
Were fumes of wine, that discomposed the head;
Wine drunk for joy the sordid wretch was dead.
Thus, in small, plain, circumference, we see,
Sin's pleasures brought to their catastrophe.

Their certain shortness stamps them poor and vain;
And their uncertainty no less is seen,
Nor longest opportunity will stay;
Full oft, e'er this is past, they glide away,
Death, frequent, comes; and, e'er the play is seen,
With dropping curtain, shuts the busy scene;
Hurries away the actors, nor will spare,
Though their selected parts, unfinish'd are.—
From such fell gripe, none claim security;
Young, old, plain, comely, undistinguish'd lie;
The difference, all—some may, the rest must, die.
These, who, but just, their beings, have derived;—
Those, scarse, to manly strength and age, arrived;
Whom, innocent or virtuous lives might save,
From that chill bed, the too-impartial grave;—

Unheeded, fall; and, fall'n, forgotten, lie:
Forming a part in the black tragedy.
Youth's most distinguish'd gallantry and wit,
Fail to preserve them from the yawning pit.—
Blessing, and bless'd, amid their choicest joys,
Death oft surprizes;—those, and them, destroys.
Nor, can the manly force of riper age
Resist the pow'r of his impetuous rage:
To this, alike, the strong and weak, all yield;
As the sad trophies of his sable shield.—
All, equal, fall;—no merit, age, degree,
Is safe from Death's insulting tyranny.
Where, then, alas! are all our pleasures gone,
When we, our boasted selves, are thus undone?
The sparkling wines, no more, our palates, please:
Beauty and love are lost;—joy, mirth, and ease!—

We, unaffected by their charms, are left;
And, ever, of those flatt'ring charms bereft!
Such sweets, enticing, ne'er will lure again;—
The stings of pleasure, only, now remain.
And, though insatiate death should not deprive
Th'enamour'd owners of them; yet, they live,
In constant dread of dire misfortune's pow'r,
Threat'ning to spoil their treasure, hour by hour.
God, oft, sees good, in all-wise Providence,
On harden'd sinners, vengeance, to dispense;—
To leave the will, but take the power away;—
Yet, scourge that will, which wills to disobey.
Still, granting prosp'rous fortunes do attend
Some few choice beings to their journey's end:—
Among those few, how seldom do we find
Their wishes, prudent, to their state, confin'd!

One mourns he's not, to wealth and honor, born :—
Another, had them, but they're from him, torn :—
A third, there is, in want and miseries ;
Victim of some excessive vice, he dies :—
Others are tortur'd by some fell disease ;
Purchas'd by pleasures, which, no more can please :
How many varied, seeming accidents
Destroy our bliss,—occasion discontents !—
One disappointment brings more cutting pain,
Than's recompens'd by all the joys we gain.
And, yet, how many do such meet, withal,
Who list to Vice's gay delusive call !—
Besides the grand mistake, in worldly bliss,
That, whatsoe'er we find, we're sure to miss.

Again,—how few profess to be content
With what a bounteous Providence has lent !

How few are satisfied with stores possess'd ;
Nor pray, with stores augmented, to be bless'd !—
Scarce one, but, with his lot, is discontent,
Would gladly change ;—when changed, does but
repent.
The *Soldier* murmurs at his toil and pains ;
Anxiously longs to reap the *Merchant's* gains :
Whilst *he* regrets the loss of profits, plann'd,
And wishes, e'er he'd risk'd, he'd purchas'd land !—
The sporting *Squire* complains that his estate
Should, so soon, waste, curs'd Lawyer's bills to sate
Whose busy head aches for his rural ease !
Thus, nothing that we have, has power to please.
So sin's uncertain pleasure, in prospect, waste ;—
At length, we, nothing but their torture, taste.

Tir'd and disgusted, trace we fairer fields,
—In search of solid bliss, *Religion* yields ;—
Perfect, compleated, happiness, produced ;
Whose joys are heightened ; ev'ry pain reduced ;
She calms each wild disorder of the soul ;—
Keeps all our headstrong passions in controul ;
The mind, enlightens ;—gives the happy few,
Their helpless, dang'rous, state, the pow'r to view ;
Removes the fair disguise from ugly vice ;
Degrades her charms down to their proper price ;
Exposing, to the eye, her nakedness,
Her glaring falsity, her filthiness ;—
Corrects the will, and tempts it on, to move,
In prudent wishes and in chastest love,
To those best objects, which, deserving, claim
His ardent homage and its purest flame.

Then, whatsoever storms, we meet without,
All's calm within; no fearful, anxious doubt;—
No whisp'ring terror, to molest our ease;
All bright serenity, content, and peace.
Great pilot *Virtue*, will, our vessel, guide
An easy course, along the rolling tide;
Between the fatal rocks of dark despair,
And sands of endless night, will, safely, steer.
The winds, around, in tempest wild, may rise,
And stormy clouds obscure the troubled skies;
Still, tho' destruction, on the billows, ride,
That beat our harass'd bark, on every side;
Tho' fatal omens hover in the air,
And scarce a spark of guiding light appear;
Yet, are we sure, the envied port, to gain,
Safe, thro' the terrors of the threatening main.—

And tho' the voyage, dangerous, appear,
'Tis wiser, vent'ring out, than resting where
The certain harvest, which our labors gain,
Is disappointment, present,—future pain.
The only fruits, the barren soil of *vice*
Does e'er produce, are sterling miseries :—
But, in *this* storm, they, who will seek, will find
Cloudless content, fruit of religious mind.

That only Virtue makes us happy, here,
Is prov'd by drawing the soul's character :—
An immaterial, an immortal, frame ;
Bright emanation of th' eternal flame ;—
An uncompounded essence, all divine ;
Perfectly pure, till plung'd in sinful mire :—
And tho' its beauty, primitive, be gone ;
Its fairest glories faded, and outshone ;

Tho' the clear image of our God's erased,
And its best moral holiness defaced;
Yet, 'tis preserv'd by his Almighty hand,
And shall, by Him, for ever, be sustain'd.

Judgment, the soul's bright eye, imbibes what
The sev'ral senses, on the mind, confer;
From those ideas, various reasons draws,
Which, form'd to propositions, are its laws.—
These, by an unknown power, sway the will;
Intending good, but, oft, producing ill,—
—This is, alas! one sad effect of sin;—
To cloud the soul, nor leave one light within;
Whence, by mistaking objects,—night for day,
Blind homage, to false deities, we pay!—
Hence, our unbounded vicious passions flow;
Here, worst misfortunes, their commencement ow

Our varied feelings, must be so inclin'd,
As diff'rent objects press upon the mind;—
To apprehended good, the will yields love;
To ill, with hate, unmask'd, will ever move.
As these are past, are present, or to come,
We, in our breasts, let diff'rent passions roam.
Or, still, perhaps, the passion is the same,
Only distinguish'd by another name:
'Tis joy, 'tis grief;—as present ill, or good;
As future hope, or fear is understood.
Hope! the false mirror of the sanguine mind!
Fear! fell disturber of weak human kind!
To feverish tempers, *this* each prospect blasts;
That, with worst colors, gayest scenes o'ercasts:

With fearful darkness, brightest visions, blends;
To fiercest foes, perverts the truest friends;
And dangerous garb, to harmless pleasures lends:
Companion, fit for hermit, anchorite;
For all, who chuse each doctrine, but the right.
Freed, by *reveal'd religion's* clearing glass,
From mists, which, o'er our sightless eye-balls, pass,
Judgment, her long-perverted reign, resumes;
With pure, unbiass'd, reason's aid, presumes
To form opinions e'en of heavenly things,
And extracts richest lore from endless springs;
On firm, almighty, rock, erects her head,
And, thence, discerns truths living from the dead:
Avoids the quicksand, whereon, late, she strayed;
Nor heeds the doctrine recently obeyed.

Errors, mistakes, and misconceptions fly,
Before her clearer sight and opening eye:
Vanish'd, the doubts, which choak'd her former way;
And, all the prospect is unclouded day.
No longer viewing, with distemper'd eyes,
The seeming difficulties, which arise
In worldly moral government, she'll find
Throughout all Providence, Almighty mind,
Impartial justice,—strict unerring laws,
Whereby the great first all-efficient cause
Is chain'd and bounden down to one vast plan,
In all his dispensations towards man:—
By *moral fitness*, irrefragible,
Bonds, like their maker, irreversible,
Is firmly forc'd to follow one sole way;
Neither to left nor right, empower'd to stray;

But ever govern'd by that self same rule
Which brings the rolling waves from bankless pool.
This, does *religion* teach ;—the mirror, true,
Thro' which frail man, his maker, God, may view.
This is the source, and only this, that shews
The awful debt, man, to his maker owes :
Enjoins us, with such mercy, to befriend
Our neighbours, as we would they should extend
To us, offending ; and instructs us, thus ;—
" Tow'rds others, act, as we would they to us."
Hence, if our conduct rightly be derived,
Of bliss, e'en *here,* we cannot be deprived :
The shafts of bitterest fate will strike in vain ;
And every worldly loss, prove heavenly gain.
No pain or sorrow, long, can haunt our breast ;
All sorrow, pain, soon yield to lasting rest ;—

The world, with every care, will glide away;
And frequent night be changed for endless day!
The seeming rocks, whereon we took our stand,
Shall turn to meads of sweetly flower'd land;
The skies, that, threatening, low'r'd o'er our head,
Shall pass away; and brightening scenes, instead,
Our ravish'd sight, shall greet; and every cloud,
That, erst, with thunder charged, burst black and loud,
Form canopies of countless, matchless mould;
And, all the dazzling heavenly arch, unfold!
There, once, arrived, all changeling, earthly, toys,
Shall yield to fixed unutterable joys;
And the whole grand expanse of Heaven be trod,
By those, who right adore their maker and their God.

But, be not self-deluded; nor, suppose
That blighted faith, which, first, from Hell arose;

Which prompts to nought, but kneeling, groans
and sighs;
And blasts each prayer, e'er it reach the skies,—
Can *pure religion*, be ?—a bastard child!
Disgrac'd, disown'd,—her likeness, base, defil'd!
Some few, I know,—and would they, fewer, were,
Who, at my doctrine, frighten'd aspects, wear;
Who, shipwreck, make, of hope, on sands of fear;
All other failings, can, unblushing, bear,
If, their *self-purity*, they but preserve;
That merit, own, which such, alone, deserve,
As undefil'd by any private sin,
Their good deeds finish, where they should begin;
Provided, safe from moral stain, they steer,
Their chastity hold fast,—from crimes,—keep clear,

Fancy, the whole of duty, they perform;
Need no repentance, pardon, or reform!
As simple, harmless, creatures, take their stand;
Dream not their house is found'ring on the sand!
On self-rais'd title, claim the promis'd land.
Alas! how sore deceiv'd are these weak elves,
Who, damning others, by patent, save themselves;
Declaim against all vice, with pluming face,
And call themselves the chosen, favor'd race;
Rail at the wand'rings, frail, of ev'ry man:
His motives fathom, and his actions scan;
Stile nature's slips, the height of worldly vice;
And, virtuous, keep, at some far greater price;
No weak indulgence, to gross beings, give,
But, far aloof from such, pretend they live:

Pride themselves, highly, that they never gave
What no warm suitor ever sigh'd to have;
Suppose, if ne'er, in vice's paths, they stray,
They've surely found the ever blessed way.
Presume to fancy *him*, a *righteous* man,
Who, throughout life's probationary span,
Pretends, in duty's upright path to move,
Without one spark of universal love!
Because he never, yet, his neighbour, cheated,
Plunder'd or spoil'd; or his designs, defeated;
Ne'er ruined virgin; nor, his friend's false wife,
Defiled, dishonour'd, in the pride of life;
Who neither lies, nor curses; never breaks
The Sabbath; nor, on rogues, his vengeance, wre
The crying vices, all, will, proud, disown;—
All others' crimes, counts coarser than his own;

Yet, among all his virtues, does not store
That *one*, which stands, all others, far before,
The purest, brightest, might'est, beam of Heaven,
Whereto, the preference, o'er all, is given;
The godlike image of our bounteous Lord!
That shall, the promised blot, to sins afford.
Oh! CHARITY! exalted blessing! blest,
Doubly blessing; thou choice, first, behest;
Whence every other blessing takes its rise;
Best, sweetest, gentlest, plant of Paradise!
Of mercy,—every virtue,—pride and spring;
In what fit tongue, can I, thy praises, sing?
Benevolence and kindness, love and fear,
In mixture due, thy dazzling banners bear:
Thy blessing-spreaded sails, by *Faith* unfurl'd,
Waft their rich treasures, to the farthest world:

Dangers and obstacles, and terror's shield,
With dark appalling omens, hung, all yield
To thy mild, strength'ning influence; e'en Death,
In ghastly horrors, scarce restrains the breath,
Which issues from the pure and sacred shrine
Of self-supported *Charity*, divine!
Frail language fails;—the mind can scarce contain,
The wond'rous beauties of the heav'nly train!
Description, far extended, 's too confin'd;
Such subject leaves all praises far behind!
Mortals may feel her attributes, her use;
But, words, to count her numbers, still refuse!—
For fitting language, in this holy cause,
Go, search in EDEN, for the tongue's great laws:—
FIRST, on th' *angelic* list, *her* name, you'll find;—
SHE *made*, SHE *bless'd*, SHE *will* REDEEM *mankind*!

ON THE

DEATH OF SOPHIA,

Wife of W. D——, in Childbed with her second Daughter, February the 9th, 1804, *aged* 28.

Woodbro', February 24, 1804.

MUCH lov'd, much valu'd friend, too soon adieu!
Alas! how fleeting all those scenes have prov'd,
Which, in thy presence, form'd so fair a view,
The smiles that gladden'd—these are far remov'd.

Thy spotless life taught, practically, plain,
The purest precepts, virtue ever gave:
Yet, could our pleading tears, no respite, gain;
Nor all thy merit close the op'ning grave.

No more those eyes shall beam with watchful love;
(The heart's true index, form'd all hearts to win)
Where faith and hope sat, gifted from above;—
Unerring emblems of the calm within.

The tongue so wont to please, so slow to chide,
Those lips unstain'd by guile's ensnaring breath,
The hands, to truest Charity, ally'd,
Alike lie frozen in the chill of death!

Thus gleams in Spring, the Snowdrop's transient day
As fair it blossoms, and as soon must fade:
Like thee preserving one unsully'd ray;
Earth but retakes it pure as Nature made.

Come, then, ye kindred flow'rs, of vernal hues,
Come, weep, in clusters, round SOPHIA's bier:
In sign of sorrow, dropping ev'ning dews;
On ev'ry leaf, in ev'ry cup, a tear.

Alas! how many make life's longest tour,
And drop, at last, neglected, or unwept:—
Whilst thy decline, at early noontide's hour,
Wakes ev'ry breast, where gentle Pity slept!

Though thy Spring bloom, no Summer suns extend,
Thy full-blown virtues shone in many a sphere:
The Wife, the Mother, Daughter, Sister, Friend,
These ties endearing, thou mad'st doubly dear.

Two hapless babes, of thee the lov'd remains,
Yet live, a Father's widow'd knees to share
Scarce once, the Sun, his proudest summit gains,
While *this* enjoys thy most maternal care.

The *other*, doom'd no Mother's smile to see!—
The fatal cypress shades its infant shoot:—
Almighty wisdom claim'd the ripen'd tree;
But, in its mercy, spar'd the promis'd fruit.

Oh! may they live, thy genuine offspring prove
And put forth blossoms, not unworthy thine
In ev'ry winning grace, attractive, move,
With all their *Mother's* wonted virtues, shine.

And, when this frail fallacious life shall cease,
May Death, in mildest shape, again be seen;
Their fading forms, like thine, wear robes of peace,
And equal lustre gild the closing scene.

Yet, should *they* not, thee, praises, we'll afford;
Whilst mem'ry lives, or tongue to speak thy fame.
How sweet th'attempt, thy virtues to record:
How fond we dwell on thy beloved name!

May we, too, learn, with pious zeal, to prize
The bright example of thy fleeting day;—
Trace all thy footsteps, pointing to the skies;
Nor cease to follow thine unerring way.

Then, may we hope, those sighs will, pardon, find,
 Which rise, at thought of scenes, for ever, dear!
For sorrow still will haunt the wounded mind,
 And mem'ry long be gilded with a tear.

I mourn thee, *Sister!* with a Brother's love;
 Keen is the pang our friendly union breaks!
What language, then, thine Husband's loss can prove?
 My pen is silent, though my heart still speaks.

There, pure Religion can alone succeed,
 To heal the heart, that bleeds, at ev'ry pore!—
May'st thou, dear Brother, in this crying need,
 Draw sweetest comfort from her ample store.



This tells us, when our choicest blessings fail,
The hand, which takes away, first, bounteous, gave:
O'er all our griefs, she spreads hope's cheering sail,
And waft's the Christian's view beyond the grave!

Oh! see thy friend! in robes of spotless white,
Passing the confines of eternal day!
Hope, also, thou, to share that blessed light,
Nor, guided by *her* footsteps, doubt the way.

ADDRESSED

TO MISS A. D., 1805.

February, 1804.

A MORTAL, once, a treasure,
Of quality so rare ;—
Its virtues, or its varied worth,
No language can declare.

Of gen'rous fair one, 'twas the gift ;—
Or, won, when she was kind ;—
'Twas hard to say, if freely giv'n ;
Surrender'd—not resign'd.

But, for it, he, so truly, woo'd,
  She could not, long, refuse it;
He, overjoy'd, the boon receiv'd;
  Nor ever meant to lose it.

This precious pledge, the owner view'd,
  With overflowing eyes;
And, leaving ev'ry other store,
  Thought it his highest prize.

This was, when smiling morn appear'd,
  Source of his first delight;
It welcom'd ev'ry hour, by day,
  And charm'd away the night.

This fairest, dearest, treasure, he
His choicest comfort, deem'd;
And joys, that flow'd not, from this stream,
But lightly were esteem'd.

'Twas parent of his kindest smiles;
Smooth'd ev'ry furrow'd look:—
Companion of his morning range;
His ev'ning stroll, partook.

Indeed, his ev'ry scene of life,
Its magic power, knew:
Each stormy care was charm'd to rest;—
Hopes, fading, bloom'd anew.

But short, alas ! are all our joys,
In this abode, terrene !—
The same Sun, oft, that hails their birth,
Outlives their latest scene.

Man's bus'ness is, to seek above,
Pure bliss and sure repose :
" He finds but little, here, below,
" Nor, long, that little knows."

Full often, too, the purest gifts,
Nay, those we value most,
Are holden, by the frailest thread,
And are the soonest lost.

So far'd it, with the owner blest,
Of this same valu'd boon:
Who little thought, whilst his, it was,
To mourn its loss so soon.

Full of the joys, this treasure gave,
He vainly felt secure:
Nor e'er indulg'd th'unwelcom'd thought,
That these might not endure.

Thus, while we, least, of danger, dream,
It loiters at our door;
And, when we fancy it most safe,
Some traitor robs our store.

So, this fond wight, one day, was caught,
In mood, too confident;
By fate, disguised as a friend,
On mischief, only, bent.

She, of this rare and beauteous prize,
An harmless sight demands;—
He, in proud gaiety of heart,
Entrusts it to her hands.

Ah! dire mischance! and, direr still,
Th'effect of this deep plot!
May all, hence lesson'd, learn to use
The caution he did not.

No sooner, did the crafty jade,
The envied gift, obtain;
Than, spreading wing, away she flew,
Nor e'er appear'd again.

In vain the poor dup'd mortal rav'd,
At this base fraud of fate;
Vainly accus'd his easy will,
His wisdom came too late.

Bereft, at once, of ev'ry hope,
In proudest wishes, crost;—
He sees an end of all his views,
And—all "love's labour lost."

Now, dead to those inviting smiles,
Which Nature's face adorn;
No more delights his ev'ning walk,
Nor trip, at dewy morn!

And—if he make a vain attempt,
His wearied thoughts, to rest,
On this, or that, remember'd spot,
Where, late, he stray'd, so blest;—

As, in quick embers, gently rous'd,
The latent spark appears;—
So these, his stifled sighs renew,
Encrease his ebbing tears!

The softest notes of hedge-row birds,
To him, are dirges deep;
And ev'ry spray that drops with dew,
Seems, but, with him, to weep.

The hours no longer swiftly roll,
Nor echo sprightly song;
But, clogg'd with sorrow's cumbrous load,
Creep heavily along.

At night, when fancy strays alone,
And reason's curb's forgot;—
He dreams his lost companion found!—
But, waking—finds it not!

No love-bred smile, around his face,
Expressive influence sheds :—
Dejection's pale, unmeaning, veil,
His visage, all, o'erspreads.

No change of place, nor object new,
Can mitigate his grief;
His malady admits no cure,
His sorrow, no relief!

These lines, but faintly, can pourtray
His hapless, hopeless, state :
Sure, other mortal ne'er endur'd
Half so severe a fate!

Then, Heav'n, commiserate his sighs,
  Nor, let him longer weep;—
Grant him, some equal prize, to find,
  And safer, that, to keep.

ON FRIENDSHIP AND SOCIETY.

July 21, 1811.

Let misanthropes, let fools, selfish feelings, indulge
But let none of them, such horrid feelings promulge.
Let beings, unnatural, such doctrine uphold;
Harbour hearts, dispositions, as icicle, cold!
Pay their homage, detested, at Solitude's shrine;
The joys of true friendship, like the maniac, decline!
Let your saturnine spirit, all social delight
Shun :—as robbers and murderers fly from the light.
The solid, nay heavenly, pleasure and bliss
Of the cordial shake, and the mutual kiss,—
The purest of treasures, allow'd, here below,
Hermits, ideots, and knaves, ought never to know.

Give *me,* blest and blessing, and sociable, friends;
A gift, which, like all good, from Heav'n descends:
Which, when pure, is the richest of treasures on earth;
And, to all other sublunar treasures, gives birth.
The use, worth, of solitude, I ne'er could divine;
Then, oh! God! may such punishment never be mine!

ADDRESSED

TO MRS. LORD,

The very amiable Wife of BLISS LORD, *Esq.*

March, 1811.

SURE the lilacs and lillies, in wonder were lost,
Their best beauty, were left to deplore,
When this *Lord* of Creation from Eden was tost,
And reach'd a terrestrial shore!

Oh! may she, whilst here, undivided, possess
That *Bliss,* which she brought in her hand;
And, when call'd on, this unfitting world, not Bliss-less
Resign, for her own native land.

PARODIED EPITAPH,

FOR THE

SAME LADY.

HOME, to the regions of the blest,
The unchain'd spirit's fled :—
Below, soft slumb'ring, lie the rest,
'Till trumpets wake the dead.

PARODY ON THE FOREGOING,

ADDRESSED

TO MISS FRANCES B—R—SFORD.

Cheltenham, April, 1811.

Sure the lillies and daisies must redden with shame,
And the rose her lost perfume, repine,
When this beautiful bud, from Arcadia came,
And bloom'd a terrestrial mine!

Oh! that I were permitted, by Heaven, to find
Such a singular *treasure,* in *love,*
The cruelest wounds, it embraces would bind,
And the purest of pleasures improve.

Still may she whilst here, undisturbed, enjoy,
The bliss which she brought upon earth;
And, when tir'd of those scenes, which frail mortals employ,
Reseek the blest scene of her birth.

ON A

BEAUTIFUL BAR MAID;

Said to be natural Daughter to His Grace the Duke of
N——.

March 20, 1811.

And art thou then of ducal H——d's race;
Could stem, so coarse, produce a branch so fine?
Such contrast as 'twixt human and divine!
Sure from the Mother all thy beauty came.
The Sire gave not the pittance of his name!
Care not, dear Girl; 'twas N——k's own disgrace,
For, so much sweetness, such a form, and face,
Ne'er yet belong'd to H——d's ugly race.

EPITAPH

FOR THE

THE RIGHT HON. LADY CATHERINE LENNOX,

Daughter of the Earl of Lennox, who died 1811, *aged* 24.

September 2, 1811.

Rest, shade belov'd ! in softest slumbers sleep ;
Forgive the tears, thy friends, thy *father*, weep,
Such tears as father, friends, scarce ever shed,
When daughter, maiden, sought her mouldering bed!

Sure Angels, perfect spirits, must take a part
In griefs which rend a sorrowing parent's heart.
Nor spirits, angels, blush to view the tear,
That falls upon a duteous daughter's bier.

Yet, pure Religion bids the Christian grieve,
Unlike to those, whose woes hope no reprieve;
Bids him like Christian, weep; but like the man,
Whose views expand beyond Earth's narrow span.

She, who is lost, for ever lost, to Earth,
Is now made perfect, by a purer birth;
Her form, improv'd, and cloth'd in robes divine,
Shall, like the brightest stars, for ever shine.

ELEGIAC EPITAPH

FOR

THE RIGHT HON. LADY CATHARINE LENNOX.

August 31, 181

WITHIN this hallow'd tomb, is laid
The sweetest, loveliest, purest, maid;
That erst, from blissless Earth, withdrew,
Or happy Eden ever knew!—

No baneful passion;—vengeful ire;
No envious feeling;—frail desire;
No wayward fancy, hope beguiled;
No, none at all, her mind defiled.

Within her breast, each impulse strove
Foremost to prove, in deeds of love:
Within her bosom, cloudless, reigned
What Heav'n designed, what Poets feigned.

If all those duties, you would know,
Which Children, to their Parents, owe;
Would see them to perfection, paid;
Know, they all center'd in this maid.

Destin'd, in early life, to share
A widow'd Father's anxious care,
From filial duty's perfect way,
Ne'er did this pious Daughter stray.

To her, the toys of life, in vain,
Display'd their gaily tempting train;
Before her, all their brightness fade,
Her Father, all in all, was made.

His wishes all foreseen; his hopes caress'd;
Her own desires, cautiously suppress'd:
In Virtue's meekest, purest, path, she trod;
Rever'd her Parent;—still, obey'd her God.

Then, round her tomb, let Violets blow;
Lilacs and Lillies; pure as Snow:
The Rose's perfume lend its aid,
To deck, as due, their kindred shade.

Let no rank weed, this spot, draw nigh;
No noxious plant, sweet herb, supply;—
No thief of hope, no ghost of fear:
From such, no bosom was more clear;

Oh! let no object reach this place,
That would, the fairest spot, disgrace;
Nothing disturb this mansion mild;
But Angels guard their sleeping Child!

The tears of many a faithful friend,
Their balmy influence shall lend,
This fairy scene, to vegetate,
And, mournful Cypress, generate.

Such sighs, as soften midnight air,
Rent from the hearts of weeping fair,
Shall waft their secret odours round
The precincts of this favor'd ground.

The "moping Owl" from neighbouring tow'r,
Shall mark, thro' ev'ry lingering hour,
The spot, distinguish'd, where, are laid
The relics of this spotless maid.

Attending Angels, pleas'd to watch,
Shall, every spark of spirit, catch;
And, glad, the scatter'd embers, bring
Home to the bosom of their King.

Whilst those, who ne'er the passage trod,
Leading from Heaven and their God,
Shall, at Heaven's gate, the spirit, meet,
With Hymns of joy, the stranger, greet.

There, shall be, wide display'd, the scene,
Which there, and there only, may be seen;
Angels, Archangels, giving praise
To God, in ever varying lays:

Chaunting, in sweetest melody,
Anthems of endless harmony;
Thanksgivings, fitted to adore
Heaven's Lord, 'till time shall roll no more!

ELEGY

ON THE

LOSS OF MY MOTHER.

Aged 32 Years.

Forgive, most pure and honor'd shade,
Thou perfect heart, as God e'er made;
This tribute of my ling'ring muse;
Nor, her late, duteous love refuse.

What, though no kindly fost'ring smile
Did, my 'reft infancy, beguile,
From fond maternal sparkling eye;—
No mother's aid, my wants, supply!

What, if no mother's anxious breast
Could lull mine infant cares to rest;
No feminine parental fear,
To watch my boyish pranks, be near!—

Though thy bright excellence, us-ward,
So soon receiv'd its high reward;—
So early, reap'd the joys, prepared
For such, as, purest virtue, shared;

Albeit, so soon, return'd to Heav'n,
Where, alone, fitting bliss is giv'n
To thee; and, spirits, like to thine,
As the fix'd stars, for ever, shine!—

Still, of each fond, parental, care,
Thy children reap'd abundant share ;—
Their infant sighs were hush'd to rest,
Upon a sorrowing father's breast.

Their childish griefs find anxious eye ;
Their ev'ry wish, a full supply :
Their boyish pleasures, free, extend ;
And each want meets a ready friend !

A *watchful guard*, most guardianly,
Their wand'ring path, is ever nigh :
Each budding virtue, well, caress'd ;
And, bursting tumults, all, suppress'd.

If trouble, want, or misery,
Thine husband, children, wander'd nigh ;
Kind relatives, their bosoms, warm'd ;
And *Providence*, the foe, disarm'd.

Then, oh ! lov'd Mother ! rest, in peace ;
Let thy fond fears, in slumbers, cease ;
Wait, patient, the command divine,
Shall join our future state to thine !

Then, to the bowers, blest, remov'd,
God has prepared—thou improv'd :
Glad, Hallelujahs, we will sing,
Together, to our bounteous King :
And, Heaven's high arch, with praises, ring !

ON SEDUCTION.

June 27, 1811.

Forth, from his hellish hiding-place,
Where foul debauchery is bred;
True Devil-like, with hungry pace;
And, still like Devil, murder-fed.

See scowling O..... e! savage beast!—
Prowling abroad, with mad desire;
On some weak female, bent to feast;—
To feed his self-consuming fire!

See, the fell wolf! intent on prey;—
Reckless of character and life;—
Still haunting least frequented way,
For hapless maid, or faithless wife.

Oh! for a second-sighted glass!
Some anti-gifted mirror, true;—
That might, the present scenes, surpass,
And, future objects, bring to view.

Then, should this eldest son of Hell!
His darken'd deeds of horror, ken!
Then, should the faultless mirror tell,
His fiend-bred thoughts, to frighten'd men:—

Expose, to view, the future fate
  Of those, he, thus, to ruin leads;
And paint the desolating state
  Of the dread path, this demon treads.

See, first, an heart, of falsest cant;
  Form'd of all weeds, in Nature's waste;
Without one flow'r, shrub, or plant,
  To greet the eye, or please the taste!

Behold a man, ! for deeds, prepared,—
  Deeds! that, the Devil never tried!
Daring,—what angels never dared!—
  Or, for which, angels well had died.

See, the frail female, luckless maid !
  Caught in the snare, this crafty thief,
For female innocence, had laid ;—
  Whose fine-spun maze exceeds belief !—

Lo ! times and seasons !—fav'ring spot ;—
  Well-tutor'd accident !—chance design !
Concurring, all, to aid his plot !—
  All lewdly laid for murd'rous mine.

The deep-laid mine of murder, sprung ;
  See her, with virtue, newly lost,
By sudden shaft of conscience, stung ;
  In woman's pride and honor, crost.—

Oh! then! if you have heart to view,
See! what a wreck of life, is there!
Need I, the black'ning tale, pursue;
Describe the progress of despair?

'Twould fill a volume! language fails!
To truly tell how deep her groan!
To what excess, the wretch bewails!
How bitter, useless, wild, her moan!

Yet Nature's self can, only, bear
Her *certain* portion of distress:
The keenest sorrow, from despair,
Becomes less poignant, tortures less.

The utmost stretch of human grief,
Like sharpest shoots of mortal pain,
Is shorter, far, than man's belief:
And loudest woe has shortest chain.

Use, and no prospect of relief,
Soon aid us; nor, will hope forsake:
E'en *He*, of sinners, first and chief,
Plann'd empires, on the burning lake.

Now! contemplate the scene, of all,
Most pitiable, most bereft!
See Modesty and Virtue's fall
And, naught, but rank disorder, left!

Behold her, helpless and forsaken;
Wounded, past cure, and beyond hope!
See weakness ruin'd; yet, not shaken;
Desp'rate; still, fit, with worse, to cope!

Lastly, oh! steel your eyes and heart,
To mark the close of misery!
To witness soul and body part,
When unrepentant Sinners die!

Sure, if there be, in yonder world,
Thunderbolt, deadlier than another,
That thunder, vengeful, shall be hurl'd,
Direct, on Satan's elder brother!

And, such is *he*, who, more than devil,
Remorseless fiend, of farthest hell!
Entraps a female into evil,—
Heart scarce can feel!—no language tell!

EPITAPH

FOR

STREPHON,

In a Rural Church Yard.

Chesulden, June 24, 1[illegible]

HERE, with the dead, and, turn'd to dust,
The once-proud body sleeps !—
In vain, to youth's best pledge, we trust ;
In vain, affection weeps !

Strength, spirit, beauty, wit, and truth,
'Gainst death, afford no shield :—
And all that blooms, or shines, in youth,
To terror's lord, must yield !—

The sturdy peasant,—village pride!
The blooming maid he loves!—
Death's more envenom'd dart, decide :—
Virtue, his envy, moves!—

To pray'rs of parents,—hopes of friends,—
Or fondest lovers' tears;—
No pitying shaft of death attends :—
No cries, the murd'rer hears!—

Yon, weeping nurse, who, by her side,
The tott'ring prattler, led;—
The rural pastor's honest pride,
With whom, the youth had read;—

His second, in all boyish broils,
Through childhood's merry morn ;—
Th' industrious partner of his toils,
When fell, the ripen'd corn :—

Alas ! no influence have these,
To turn aside the dart ;—
No smile of their's will, Death, appease,
No tear affect his heart !—

Else, had blythe Strephon longer liv'd ;
Much longer tun'd his song :—
Nor, the best promise been deceiv'd,
In all the village throng !—

Else, should his youth, to manhood, grown,
  The brightest traits, disclose:—
And perfect summer, proudly, own,
  Her highly-finish'd rose!—

Then, had this frail memorial been
  Reserv'd for abler pen;—
And fitter figures drawn the scene,
  To please more polish'd men.

But, now, in deep unnumber'd grief,
  Poor Strephon's loss, we feel;
And nought, beyond this firm belief,
  Remains, our wounds, to heal:—

—That "*home!* to mansions of the just,"

The spirit, pure, is fled ;—

Here! only, sleeps the mould'ring dust,

Till trumpets wake the dead.

EVENING HYMN.

Chesulden, Tuesday night, June 25, 1811.

OH ! praise the Lord, with ev'ry note !—
Praise Him, each loud, or tuneful throat !
For ever, praised, be His name !
And all His praises, still the same.

His, whose great goodness sent us here ;
Whose mercy keeps us, every where ;—
'Tis His most lib'ral hand, that yields
To us, this life ; and ever shields

That life from ill, and danger, too :
Then give Him, praise ;—for praise—how due !
Praise Him, all tongues, with loudest lay :—
Him, praise, all voices, night and day !

When rising up, or, lying down,
Let, first and last, His praises crown
Your morning, and your ev'ning hymn !—
Your purest praises, raise to Him ;

Hallelujah !

MORNING HYMN.

Chesulden, same night.

The night again, her race has run ;—
Again, O Lord! the bounteous sun,
Beam of *thy* bounty, loud proclaims
The new-born day ; and, praises, claims.

The feather'd songster's earlier lay
Meets, in his course, the coming day ;
With gratitude, the blessing meets ;
And, with meet praise, the *Giver* greets.

Let not, then only mortals feel
No grateful pulse;—no praises peal:
But, let man, too, his voice, uplift,
To bless the *Giver* and the *gift*.

Yet first, and chiefly, bless *His* name,
Who now is,—ever was,—the same.
Still, freely, flows, the bounteous flood,
Which, gracious, yields us only good!

Hallelujah!

EVENING PRAYER.

Same Night.

When tir'd by daily toil, we take
Refreshing sleep, do *thou, Lord,* make,
In peace, our pillow; blessings, show'r
On ev'ry calm, unguarded hour.

Let each ungovern'd, wandering, thought,
With incense, due to *Thee,* be brought;
On ev'ry sigh, thy blessing, fall;
Let each breath praise the Lord of all!

Let watchful Angels, near us, bring,
Protection from their heav'nly King:
His guardian saints, our slumbers watch;
And, all our silent praises, catch!

No wish, or thought, unholy, fill
Our breast, with any taint of ill:—
But, ev'ry whisper be exprest,
To laud the *God*, who gives us rest!

Amen

MORNING PRAYER.

Same time.

FRESH, from my pillow, let me rise;
That ceaseless fount, whence, full supplies
Of purest treasure, from the Skies,
Descend :—the poor man's richest prize !

That gracious *God*, alone, who sends
The wearied Peasant's best of friends,
Sweet "balmy sleep," and healing rest;
When troubled, or, with toil, opprest;

Has, o'er my frame, opprest by toil,
Most freely, pour'd his soothing oil.
My limbs, recruited by his care,
For daily labors, shall prepare.

Yet, first, my tongue! *His* praises, sing,
Who does, this timely succour, bring:
Let all the praise, to *Him*, be given;
All voices laud the Lord of Heaven!

Amen!

A

FRIEND'S QUESTION

ANSWERED.

Chesulden, July 6, 1811.

MY friends much too partial, allow me to have
Those powers, which God has ordained,
From want and distress, his frail creatures, to save;
And which, often, have, opulence, gained.

Say, they view, in the feeble attempts of my muse,
The proofs of time, not misapplied;—
Nor, to flatter the products of leisure, refuse;
Yet, are apt, mine imprudence, to chide.

Neither, can they, the strange, hidden, reason, divine,
Why, what wealth, does, for others, procure,
(Save, where no perseverance supports wise design,)
No wealth, to *poor me,* does insure!

This "strange, hidden," cause, I could, easily solve;
Would my friends but attend to my tale:
As quickly as snow-drops, in vallies dissolve;
Or kind female returns to lov'd male.

Have you, never, as yet, the prodigy seen,
Of a ship, struggling hard, tempest-tost;
When the billows roll high, and, the vessel, between
Winds and waters, bids fair to be lost?

—

How she labors and strives, against every wave,
Her progress, intent to oppose;
And with courage, unshak'n, each rough blast, will brave;
Till she sink, or o'erpower her foes?

This ill fated vessel, on resources, innate,
Relies, for her struggle's success;
And, expos'd to the ficklest of fortune and fate,
Self supported, derides the distress!

But, resisted by waves, her *accustomed friends*,
Her slow progress is still more impeded:
And the worst of ill fortune, her efforts, attends:
Yet, *if help'd*, she had better succeeded.

Still, she beats on her course, tho' with shortened sail;
(Thus, a moral, to mortals, is given:)
Nor, will she, at last, of her proud object, fail;
But reach, safely, her long look'd for haven.

The obstacles, thrown in her way, only serve
To quicken her efforts and pains:
And, resistance augments the pow'r of each nerve,
Perseverance, her object, attains.

Thus, on most other subjects, in life, you'll observe,
Opposition, its opposite feeds:
The object, which, least, can our sanction deserve,
When, opposed, little furtherance, needs.

Human nature, nay Heaven! has kindly ordained,
In support of the humble and weak,
That, the poor heart, which, none other aid would
have gained,
Persecution shall strengthen; not break.

In this common, not "*strange hidden*," cause, you
may find,
The answer, your question demands!
Check'd, thwarted, and baffled in every design,
I strive, not, with uncontrol'd hands.

Ever willing to work;—and, anxious to act
Ease and indolence, scorning to ask;
Attach'd to employment, (I speak but the fact!)
Still, no patron provides me a task!

Yet Providence, kind! gilds my prospect, with hope;
That, as *slav'ry* suits no honest mind;
Submitting, resign'd, with caprices, to cope,
Independence, in time, I shall find.

'Till that period, may Heaven, my courage, uphold,
All repinings, mistrustful, correct;
Teach my spirit, rebellious, her plaints to withhold;
And reward me, with blessings elect!

ON WOMAN.

June 29, 1811.

Oh! Woman! thou first and best gift from above!
Our rest from all troubles! sole author of love!
Increasing all joys; sweet composer of pain;—
Chief loss, when away; and, our only, true gain!—
The best pride of all pomp, and pure source of true
pride!—
Without *thee*, possess'd of ev'ry treasure beside,
Undistinguish'd, unhonor'd, unenvy'd, we live;
Nor one pledge of fond faith, or felicity give;
Alone, without hope, and unpity'd, we grieve;
Nor, dying, thy tears, to embalm us, receive.

TO

MISS W——,

On her voluntarily and kindly visiting a stranger in prison, whither he had been sent, during illness, by a merciless creditor, for an unconscionable demand;— and occasioned by being told (though not by Miss W.) that he trespassed on her liberality, by asking for a loaf and cheese; when he had not the means of procuring the necessaries of existence. (Written in an hour.)

June 3, 1811. *Monday night.*

Thou Heaven born fair! true disciple of Christ!
  Who, sickness and chains, hast not fled!
Who, reckless of fame, female softness, beli'st,
  Dost, lustre, on Charity, shed!
Ah! say not, too boldly, I draw on thy purse,
  For support of the life, you have saved;
Nor doubt that the pains of my guard'an and muse,
  On mine heart, are, for ever, engraved.

The poor helpless tenants of air, in their nest,
On their parents, for food, have a claim;
And the orphan, bereft of a mother's fond breast,
No Christian heart can disclaim.
The savage, himself, feels extatic delight,
Those fostering, who, on him, depend;
And the veriest reptile, enjoying the light,
In merciful man, finds a friend.

Shall man then imprison'd, tho' never so frail,
Ask, in vain, for the pittance of bread?
When his nearest relations, to succour him, fail,
Hungry, thirsty, in pain, seek his bed?
Human nature, forbid it! at Charity's voice,
Raised high, the suggest'on is fled:—
The tongue of an Angel bids the wretched rejoice;
And her arm props his care-weary'd head!

Just Heaven, ne'er yet, did, a being allow
To fall under unmerited grief;
Without raising a sav'our, with smiles on his brow,
Swift to bring, to his sorrows, relief.
No outcast, forlorn, for whom this weak world,
Seems, the deadliest darts, to prepare,
Unless, from the height of *integrity*, hurl'd,
Of protect'on, need ever despair.

The connect'ons and friends, in his infancy, made,
His relatives, dearest, may fail:
They, who knew and caress'd him, till sunk in the shade,
His distresses, may cease to bewail:
Still *Providence* sheds, on his failings, an eye,
More in mercy, than anger, exprest;
Nor, will leave him, forsaken, despairing, to die;
But, *hereafter*, conduct him, *to rest.*

Then, say not, too freely, I call on your purse,
  The life, to prolong, you did save;
Nor fear, my supporter, my saviour and nurse!
  You, my gratitude, always will have.
When the fond air-inhabitants, parents, forget;
  Orphans—reptiles—protectors, forsake;
And the savage omits, his own mate, to abet;
  Then, shall I, to *oblivion*, awake!

Oh! let the sick pris'ner still boast of one friend,
  Nor thy breast, with a doubt, be o'ercast;
Thy kind care, for his sorrows, continue to lend,
  'Till his wants and his woes shall be past:
In the records of light, thy good deeds shall appear,
  Who, thus, bread, to the hungry, hast given:
For healing his wounds, and preventing his tear,
  Full reward shall await thee in *Heaven*.

TO

MISS S. M. P.

OF BATH.

(Written in less than four hours.)

Cheltenham, March 10th 1811.

Would the Muses, who, love tales, approve;
Who, *Cymon's* dull suit, could not hide;
My tongue's cruel bondage, remove;
Tho' *Iphygenia* should chide;
I, also, a tale, could unfold,
With more claims to a merciful ear,
Than fearful swain, ever yet, told,
Or coy maid condescended to hear!

But, in vain, do I put up my pray'rs;
  My suit, all the muses reject:
Mine unpatroniz'd cause is not their's;
  'Tis idle, their aid, to expect.
Yet, no Shepherd, tho' never so true,
  Desirous, his passion, to prove,
Needed, so much indulgence, to sue;
  Nor had equal inducement to love!

Sure, no luckless, untutored swain,
  Without flocks, without money, or hope;
Impatient his mistress, to gain,
  Had, with half mine ill-fortune, to cope!
Never, *Pyrrhus*, despairing to win
  His *Andromache*, distant and cold;
Felt less freedom, his tale to begin,
  Nor less power that tale to withhold!

Come, then, Vanity! further my suit;
Thou friend to the coward and fool:—
Come, Impudence! Vanity's fruit;—
Lift me up on thy tottering stool.
Some boldness, oh! lend to mine heart;
Let not truth and simplicity pine:—
Thine energy, freely, impart;—
Or, my pen will, her duty, decline.

Deriving new life, from my theme,
Hope, flatt'ring, its acmé, attains;
Now, no longer, against the chill stream,
Does my breast seem to flutter her pains.
My tongue, a fond freedom, assumes;—
It dares to be lisping of love;—
My pen, too, grown proud of her plumes,
Lifts her head, like the darling of Jove!

The moments, then, seize, e'er they part;
  Strike, truly, the lyre, in *Her* praise:
Some emotion, create, near her heart,
  It may chance, there, an int'rest, to raise.
Tell *Her*, how much, I love and admire!
  (Ah! no!—that would, indeed, be a task,
For aught, short of celestial fire!)—
  Why, then, say,—'tis HERSELF, I would ask.

True, no prosperous fortunes uphold
  My claim to so gifted a bride:—
Yet, *Excellence* should not be *sold*;
  And Charity, *failings*, will *hide*.
Then, hush thee! thou tremulous breast:
  High Heaven's glad sanction receive;
Set doubts and misgivings, at rest,
  Approval's slow whisper, believe.

LETTER

TO

MY ELDEST BROTHER,

ON AN EXCURSION TO

MY SECOND BROTHER.

Halford Bridge, Warwickshire,
Friday night, February 15, 1811.

The Muses, to you, my dear Brother, I vow,
Are, rightfully, sisters ;—so, all must allow
Even me, of the kindred, some portion, to gain ;
Though the proofs of my pedigree, be not so plain.
Lest this privilege, then, to my fancy, well suited,
By lying long dormant, should, at length, be disputed ;
Like your patriots, I'll zealously urge its defence,
Tho', perhaps, still like them, without any pretence :

And, so, having nothing, material to do,
I'll attempt a poetical letter to you.
Albeit this manœuvre may fail, in the end,
To establish my claim, or, its justice, defend;
Still clamor may raise some few votes on my side;
Oft impudence gains, what, to worth, is denied.
If true descent, only, right to scribble could give,
Pray, how would your Poets and Booksellers live?
In spight, then, of blots, in my kin and my verse,
An account of my journey, I'll try to rehearse.

Bright Phœbus had, scarce, been an hour out of bed,
When, up to the door, *Rosenante* was led;
And I, on his back, being carefully plac'd,
(Tho' with servile portmanteau, a little disgrac'd)
Set forward, with heart, light and easy, to prove,
By this journey, tremendous, my brotherly love.

At *Faringdon*, first stage, we ran into port;
That town, now, no longer, the *Laureat's* resort!
And there, having halted, an hour, fully told,
We made, in another stage, *Stow on the Wold.*
Refreshment, for beast and man, here, too, we got;
Beans, oats, cold beef, pickles, and porter made hot:
But, the choicest refreshment, I found, at this place,
Was, in reading a statement of *Buony's* disgrace,
In the capture, with little blood spilt, by good chance,
Of that hot-bed of pirates, the Island of France:
And, tho', in this contest, brave CORBET has died,
He, with NELSON and COLLINGWOOD, fame, shall divide:
The purest of homage, embalmed by grief,
That gratitude yields to a favorite chief,
Shall, ever, be his; and, surviving the grave,
The hero's renown, life immortal, shall have!

Of their dernier resort, in that quarter, bereft,
By those, for whose valour, he, little, has, left;
Nappy's cruizers, in search of "*ships, colonies, com-*
"*merce,*"
Had best return home;—if, *the wind be not adverse.*
Safely chain'd to their moorings, or—*running away,*
Is their best defence 'gainst our gaining the day.

For thus stepping aside, with unhallowed lays,
To pay, to our Navy, my poor tribute of praise,
I am sure of your pardon; for, none, more than *you,*
With honor, distinguish'd, regards the *true blue.*

Well! "*like Giants refresh'd,*" pursuing our rout,
We started, from *Stow,* half past three, or about.
But, scarcely one mile, on our road, had we steer'd,
When symptoms of snow, very plainly appear'd:—

Still, at first, falling softly, the crystalliz'd tea
Very little, annoy'd me;—creating no fears
Of tracks, wholly choak'd up, or, trace broke in twain;*
Indeed, I'd far rather have snow, than have rain.

The storm, now, increas'd; and its fleecy contents,
Dissolving, in haste, my slight habiliments,
'Gainst the moisture, my person, but poorly defended;
And all hope of preserving a dry skin, soon ended;—
Yet, maintaining my courage, my temper I sav'd;
And, with stout perseverance, the chill tempest brav'd.
For most earthly ills, habit furnishes a cure:
What we cannot get rid of, we learn to endure.
Disregarding the snow, (nor, much pleas'd to be in it),
I reach'd *Halford*, three quarters less six, to a minute.

* Alluding to such occurrences, which happened to the Writer, on a journey, not long before.

So much expedition, we should not have used,
But for that same portmanteau, I lately abused.
As in journeying through life, where, far more is at
stake,
We, oft, a weak choice of expedients, make;—
So, vanity well nigh prevail'd on your brother,
To send this portmanteau by coach, or some other
Conveyance;—but, having it mounted behind;
Like one of the numerous travelling kind;
An wholesale hose-dealer, better mounted than I,
Well satisfied, one of the trade, to descry,
With freedom, bespoke me; and, my sociable nag,
Whilst without a companion, much given to lag,
Fresh vigour and life, from his comrade, acquired;
And forgot, that, before, he was heartily tired!

Cætera, in futuro.

IMPROMPTU

TO MISS STONE,

On her voluntarily visiting, and consoling a Stranger, in prison, whither he had been unjustly sent, by a merciless Creditor, a dealer in Gems.

B.— C.— P.— May 30, 1817.

FULL oft, how ill do hearts and names agree,
Sometimes, a *flinty* heart, *gem*-cas'd, you see.—
Here, that such contrast be not found alone,
Behold an heart of *down,* in case of *Stone!*

ON THE

DEATH OF MRS. M——Y,

OF SALISBURY,

Who died July 28, 1811, *in Childbed of her Nineteenth Child!*

Milford, July 28, 1811.

Weep, all ye mothers !—children, weep !—
Wail, husbands, fond, in dirges deep !—
Parents ! your woes, in cypress, steep ;—
Bid all your joys, in sable, sleep !

The best of wives, to Heav'n, is borne ;—
The tend'rest husband left forlorn ;—
The sweetest children doom'd to mourn
Their mother,—never to return !

Yet, husband! children!—do not fear;
A mightier friend is drawing near;
He shall, your mourning accents, hear;
And, your embitter'd burthen, bear.

God shall, in mercy, heed your cry;
And, sov'reign comfort, soon supply:
His outstretch'd arm shall, death, defy;—
His bright'ning beams, your tears, shall dry.

Then, place your trust upon the Lord
Of Heav'n, who can, support, afford:—
To him, look up, 'gainst sorrow's sword;
Nor doubt protection, from his word.

ON BEAUTY OF COUNTENANCE.

September 15, 1811.

The face of varied beauty, I admire;—
The look of female softness,—manly fire;—
Where eyes, expressive, beam the feeling mind;
And where, the heart's true index, you may find;
Where ev'ry silent tear speaks loudly plain;
And sighs, though stifled, mark each struggling pain;
Where glances may be construed into words;
The slightest frown, deserv'd rebuke, affords;
Where ev'ry turn of feature paints the heart;
And where thought's faintest change performs its part;
Where looks are volumes;—glances give love's fill;
A smile revives you; or a frown may kill.

On whose pleas'd picture, one could ever gaze;
Whose blast would set all bosoms in a blaze!

I like not, never could admire, that face,
Where utmost beauty is but fond grimace;
In which, no spark of intellect or fire
Can merit homage, or create desire;
Wherein no eye, expressive, mind, depicts;
No feature, bold, can, admiration, fix;
Wherein, for speaking tear, I seek in vain;
Or list for sighs, to tell concealed pain;—
Where glances, glances, are, and nothing more;
The frown's unmeaning fire is quickly o'er:
In which, each turn of feature's much the same;
And thoughts change, only, as you start the game;
Where looks, though volumes, still are *empty ones*;
Where frowns and smiles, alike, are useless drones;

Where, seldom, aught appears, but vacant gaze;
Solemn content; or, self-contriv'd amaze:—
But, independently of social joy,
Did hopes of selfish bliss, alone, employ
Our eager wishes; still, will I maintain,
That man's bids fair, most pleasure, to obtain,
Throughout this changeful world's mix'd joy and pain,
Who keenly feels and shews each loss and gain;—
Whose countenance, no tongueless feature, knows;
Where each true movement of the bosom glows;
Where no mistaken feelings claim regard;
No smile, deceitful, steals a friend's reward;—
No sycophant's grimace, base cheat, affords,
But each expression is its bosom's lord's;
Where no uncharacteriz'd feature leads
The unsuspecting mind astray, or feeds,

With hopes, ungrounded, misconceived fears,
The gentle bosom; nor, with needless tears,
The easily dissolving eye, disfigures :—curse
The base dissembling wretch, than demon, worse,
That, reckless of a fellow-being's fate,
With flatt'ry or deceit, can satiate
His ruthless venom; nor regards the fall
Of fondly cherish'd prospects, hopes, and all;
When disappointment racks the cred'lous breast;
And falsehood pictures man, a plund'ring beast!
Oh! let me, never, mix, with such, my fate;
Nor, be a cloudless blank, my future state.
Rather, be solitary bliss my hope,
Than doom'd, with soft good-natur'd face, to cope;
The stormy sky, reliev'd by bright'ning beams;
And sun-shine, heighten'd far by moist'ning streams.

More solid joys and blessings can produce,
Than endless calm, uninterrupted use
Of gay etherial atmosphere, familiar glare
Of never-varied spring;—no human being's share.
Sweet are the summer sun-beams, after show'rs;
And cheerful comes the eve, when morning low'rs;—
So sweet, so cheerful, are those smiles of love,
That, all dark, ling'ring, angry, frowns, remove.

Then grant, kind Heav'n! the envied face be mine;
Where passions sometimes cloud, but oft'ner shine;
Where beaming looks, the swelling heart, pourtray;
And sparkling eyes describe or night, or day;
Where look we, still, for love, nor look, in vain;
For symptoms, sure, of anger, joy, or pain:—
No negative, unmeaning face, or soul,
Shall, e'er, have pow'r, my feelings, to controul;

Be sweet, expressive, countenance, my prize;
Or, sole, unshackled, may I reach the skies.

ON THE

DEATH OF JAMES CROWDY, ESQ.

icitor of Swindon, Wiltshire, January 27, 1807,

Aged 47.

London, Sep. 10, 1811.

manly sense, ingenuous mind, and truth,
ight as e'er ornamented age or youth;—
ɔrth, whereon, slander's breath had never blown;
.d honor, high,—best gem around the throne;—

:egrity, no lure of law could shake;—
iendship, exerted but for friendship's sake;
ıy,—if the choicest virtues under Heav'n,
ıat, e'er, to beings frail, are, largely, giv'n;—

If these, or more than these, had pow'r to save
Their polish'd owner from an early grave;
Could sighs and pray'rs of many good and wise
Reach, with glad influence, beyond the skies;

If such could aught avail,—effectual, prove,
The stern decree of life or death, to move;—
Then, hadst not *thou*, friend of mine early life!
Been, thus soon, mourn'd by children, friends and wife!

But, claims like these, alas! vain help, afford,
Against destruction's never sated sword!
From this, no merit, talent, age, is free;—
No virtues, rank, acquirements, purity!—

Else, had the sigh, the pray'r, the bursting heart,
Of those, who in thy suff'rings, bore such part,
Chang'd the dread summons, ere it ventur'd forth,
And seal'd the grave, thus envious of thy worth.

Then, had the shaft, unerring, though it flee,
And all-envenom'd, harmless, fall'n on thee :—
Thy shield impervious, proud Virtue's throne,
Could amply guard thee,—save, from death, alone.

Yet, Providence, in its most hidden ways,
From heaviest curse, can, greatest blessings, raise :
Can, clouds of horror, melt to rays of joy ;—
Pale terror's blast, by bright'ning smiles, destroy.

Him, we have lost, thus early lost, below,
Shall heavenly mirrors, clad in glory, shew;
Freed from degrading load of cumb'ring clay;—
Shining with beams of never ending day!—

ON THE

FUTURE EXISTENCE

OF

BRUTES.

PART I.

Deus est anima brutorum !

Chesulden, Wednesday night,
July 10, 1811.

IEVE, and think reason and scripture declare,
the brutes will, in future, felicity, share ;
Providence, wise, nothing fashions, so vain,
e sport of man's passions ;—mere partners in pain.
: the harmless, and useful, unshielded, poor brute
ly meant, our caprices and humour, to suit ;

Slightly aided by Nature ; barely guarded from wrong ;
Had the weak no resource, 'gainst the tyrannous strong ;
No prospect, or chance, of deliv'rance and rest,
From a merciless master,—the slave's bitter pest ;
But the negative, naked, reward of the knave,
Who pronounced "*sleep eternal,*" the fruit of the grave ;—
Could you, just or impartial, high Providence, call ?—
'Twould be far more like partial im-providence, all ;—
If the worst of all punishment, future, befal
The poor helpless animal, devoid of offence,
Nor inferior to man, in one gift, but in sense.—
Oh ! think not such causeless respect, for fall'n man,
Dwells in power divine !—he, an atom !—a span !—
Engross all the goodness of Heav'n's ample stores,
For the works of her bounty, on happier shores !—

an, alone !—frail and sinful, all mercy, to have;
nd the brute, never sinning, reap nought but a grave!
od-like justice forbids it !—'twere impiety, sure,
o impute such intention to being,—so pure!—
ut, should not this argument, strong enough, prove,
o convince you of God's endless power and love
or his works, universal; nor man more than brute,
hould it fail, the dishonoring charge, to refute;—
ow, think you, creation, in Heaven, will shine,
depriv'd of that ornament, truly divine,
he grand link and connection 'twixt man, woman,
and brute?
est proof that this world is the infinite fruit
f workmanship mightiest;—pow'r unconfin'd;
f wisdom, unsearchable;—an almighty mind!—

The great beauty of Nature; source of endless
delight;
Brightest pattern of mercy, untir'd; and, of sight,
Inexhaustible fund of deep wonder and joy,
To all, who, their faculties, rightly, employ.
In yon far-better world, where we wisely are taught
That earthly perfection shall, to heav'nly, be brought;
Does reason, religion, or scripture, declare
That no chain of blest beings shall chaunt anthems
there?
That the praises of God, which, below, occupy
Ev'ry tongue in existence; in a deified sky
Man, alone, shall proclaim; and no chorus be nigh?
How deficient, imperfect, the choir of Heaven,
If to angels and men, only, power were given,

Their grateful and dutiful praises, to sing,
In the blissful abode of their bountiful King!—
On earth, creatures, countless, reptile, insect, and brute,
Each, by instinct, their orisons, striving to suit
To the blessings, dispens'd, for no instant, are mute!—
And, all good, to their Maker's free bounty, impute;
But, if only sent hither, mankind's servants, to make,
And incapable of heavenly bliss, to partake,
Why these praises? why, God's partial mercies adore,
If, when dead, they experience those mercies no more?
For the mere gift of life, a precarious one, too,
Can such constant, unvaried, thanksgivings be due?
Surely, man would not need such a prompter to raise
His voice, late and early, in joyfulest praise,
To the Being, who made him!—then, of how little use,
Are the pæans of such, as, no laud, can refuse?

Or, what int'rest, or duty, their praise, can promote,
Who breathe but for an instant, and chaunt praises by
rote?
Who, confin'd to this narrow and frail link of life,
With small portion of ease, and great portion of strife,
Would appear to be merely the slaves of proud man,
His palate to pamper, his passions to fan!—
Without hope, ease, enjoyment, or pleasure, whilst
here;
And excluded, for ever, from the heavenly sphere
To be base beasts of burthen;—sport of passion and
pain;
And the heirs of distress, without pow'r to complain.
Where the mercy, the goodness, the justice of God?—
The equality, strict, of an Almighty rod?—.

If brutes be, to punishment, earthly, consign'd,
And the blisses of Heaven, to mortals, confin'd?—
Surely, nought, but such bliss, will, or can, compensate,
The brute's constant suff'rings, his undeserv'd fate!
Sceptics tell us,—to prove these conjectures unfounded,
And the animal's hope, on no principle, grounded,—
That brutes, in *this* life, to perfection, arrive;
And, the whole of their prospects, from mankind, derive;
That, for man, for his pleasure and use, they're design'd;
And, to this lower scene, all their objects confin'd:
No wishes, no hopes, for Heav'n's happiness, have;
All their hopes, all their wishes, but point to the grave!
That improvement, instruction, no beast can acquire;
Is plac'd in his path, nor can ever move higher.—

But, is this the case?—is it sanctioned by fact?
Do not men oft advance, and, as often, protract
The docile and teachable beast in his way;—
Their caprices, to follow, and bend to their sway?
Is not *that*, which vain men, to be *instinct*, decide,
To their *boasted reason*, very nearly allied?—
Yet, proud man!—(and, what pride, does the senti-
ment prove!)
Would engross, altogether, God's favor and love!—
Is sent hither to lord o'er his Maker's own works,
And vent ev'ry fury, that, in frail bosoms, lurks,
On the harmless and useful and innocent brute,
And impose ev'ry task, which, his fancy, may suit!
Man, 'tis said, while below, in virtue, advances
And the progress he makes, joys of Heaven enhances.

Is, here, fixed, a subject of mortal probation ;
And required to make the best use of his station ;
Can, never, on earth, to perfection, arrive ;
Nor, aught but his trials, from this being, derive :
Unlike the poor brutes, not condemn'd to this world ;
Nor, from hopes of celestial felicity, hurl'd :—
Tho' sinful, and ever, his Maker, offending,
Design'd to be favor'd with life never-ending :—
While the brutes, who, their Maker unceasing, adore,
By performing their duty ;—and, ever, implore,
By their sufferings, his mercy,—are, kindly, rewarded
With destruction eternal :—to oblivion, awarded !—
Never more, of this monstrous decree, let me hear :—
Making Providence, solely, an object of fear !—
A partial, severe, and implacable, Lord,
Who, no mercy, to creatures, his own, will afford !

Dooms one half of creation, enjoying the light,
To endless nonentity,—dungeons of night!—
Such merciless doctrine, ne'er will I receive:
But let *brutes*, such strange impious dogmas, believe.

The writer proposes, in a future publication, to continue the subject, and collect the evidences, which, as he conceives, tend to prove, or, at least, strengthen, his doctrine.

EPITAPH

FOR

SCUG,

A FAVORITE SQUIRREL.

Swindon, Sept. 18, 1811.

Is, then, my much lov'd Scuggy gone,
Who, late, in lively gambols, shone?
With sparkling eyes, and nut-brown head;
My pretty squirrel, art thou dead?
Playful thou wert, like kitten, wild;
Quite harmless, as an infant child;
Thee, amply fed, I'd surely please,
But give thee water, nuts and cheese:

Never repining, grumbling, growling;
Nor e'er, like noisy *Neptune*,* howling,—
Alas! my faithful Snug, adieu!—
Sweet, snug, neat, grave, I'll dig for you;
Such, as never squirrel had;—
E'en, would make proud *Neppy* glad,
If he, like occasion, had.—
Softest leaves, from cypress, torn,
Shall, thine oaken bed, adorn;
Moss, from ivy'd ash, shall steep
Thy lifeless limbs, in soundest sleep;
Birds, of varied notes, in lays,
Wild and sweet, shall sing thy praise;
Brother squirrels, thoughtless, play;
Where thy mould'ring ashes lay;

* A favorite house-dog, much given to howling.

Midnight owls shall, moping, tell
Thy short tale, to every dell;
Softest breezes calm the spot,
Where thou liest, not forgot —
And, if brutes, beyond the skies,
Should, to future bliss, arise,
Thou, there, shalt skip, more light and fair,
O'er sweeter shrubs, in purer air.

THE

STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE.

Milford-House, Saturday th
August 3, 1811.

When the tempest-tost traveller, worn with fatigu
And the obstinate wills, which, unceasingly, leagu
To obstruct, or oppose, his proud progress, and ea
Endeavors, his own wearied fancy, to please;
Self-rul'd, seeks a much long'd for place of repose,
Secure from the billows, which, ceaseless, arose
To pervert, or disturb, his best schemes for success
Sure, the struggle he makes, is surprizingly less,
To be blamed, than encourag'd, by every one,
Save the spiritless, groveling, dependent, alone!

—

Then; oh! say not, my plans, for the future arise,
From hasty imprudence;—or, whisper surprize,
If, tired of weak, indiscreet, rule, I resolve,
From blind acquiescence, my mind to absolve,
Nor fancy, my schemes, without judgment, I frame;
Nor my warm expectations, a desperate game.
On sound, and well-grounded, foundation, I move,
And so, I'm convinc'd, 'twill, eventually, prove;
On *myself,* and on PROVIDENCE, firm, I rely;
On a rock, which, this world's rudest blasts, may defy.
Come, then, joyous success;—or, whatever else may;
Still, on *Heav'n,* I'll depend; and can smile at dismay.

ON

HOLLOW FRIENDSHIP.

IMPROMPTU.

June 18, 1

" How most truly, I feel for, and pity, your case
" Sure, the like ne'er attended the frail human rac
" Why, you've friends, in abundance; and, opul
" too;
" Will they, to assist you, no method, pursue?"—
Thus exclaims, *wary Moses*, to *Ned*, in distress;
Who, then, fondly expected relief,—nothing less!
But, poor *Ned*, of weak nature, a very bad judge,
And who fancied his friend could not possibly grud

His purse-strings, to loosen, when friendship appealed,
Forgot that rich *Moses*, by interest was steeled.
Lo! failing his hopes, *Neddy* swore, in a passion,
That *friendship, sans interest,* was *quite out* of fashion!

IMPROMPTU,

ADDRESSED

TO A LADY,

On the Writer being told by her, that he was so much changed in Manners, that she did not know him.

And do you, then, conceive me so much changed,
Nay, e'en my reasoning powers so deranged,
As, that you scarcely recognize your friend?
Him, who, to save, or serve, you, would extend
His only arm; if that alone were left;
Tho' sure, in such attempt, to be bereft
Of limb, or life, or all that reconciles
Man to this world, or, tedious time, beguiles?

if a change, indeed, have taken place,
, my *late* friend, strangely reverse the case!
e such, in *me*, do other people view;
I perceive a serious change, in *you!*

ON

POVERTY AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

July 9, 1811.

Still, to Poverty, chain'd, and, with penury, crost;
Credit hating; yet, doom'd, on frail credit, to live;
Much more ready to lend, tho' my money were lost;
Yet, to borrow, compell'd, and unable to give;
The sport of all fortune, but fortune's *best child*;
I may, surely, the jest of good-fortune, be stil'd!

Oh! when will this trial of patience be o'er?—
Must I ne'er be, with elegant competence, blest?
Kind Heaven, supply me, from thine ample store,
With wealth, just sufficient, and keep all the rest:
With healthful ease, and changeful labor, bless my days;
And a thanksgiving heart shall dictate grateful praise.

MILFORD VALE.

A SONG.

Milford, August 7, 1811.

rettiest valley that Nature e'er made,
he sweet-smelling limes form delightfulest shade
rming retreat, call'd "Milford Great House,"
io stealing intruder, not even a mouse,

ver to enter, or molest the repose
oveliest lasses, whose cheeks shame the rose;
interrupter of purity's peace,
nture, the joys of content, to decrease.

There, shielded from danger, unconscious of wrong,
Ever happy in music, in dancing, and song,
Dwell the G——s and the W——s; all, I declare,
The delight of their neighbours, and boast of the fair!

Oh! if I were permitted, by Heaven, to share
The comforts, the blisses, of females, so rare;
I would ask no Elysium, t'other side Styx,
But would there, and there, only, immoveably fix.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

A SONG.

Addressed to a Lady.

London, Oct. 1, 1811.

How blissful the lot of thy *happier swain!*
  How enviable, envied, his lot!—
How much to be pitied the torturing pain
  Of *myself,* who have known thee, too late!

When bless'd by the rays from thine all-cheering eyes,
  Thy fair form, when, first, I beheld;—
How proudly did love's sweetest prospects arise;
  How vain were its transports withheld!

Yet, debarr'd of all hope, my fond suit, to obtain ;—
  Though no smile plume pale misery's wing ;
Still, comfort may dawn on the bitterest pain,
  Thy kind pity rob death of his sting.

EDWIN AND LAURA,

A TALE OF MODERN TIMES.

London, Sept. 25, 1811.

WHERE the proud Wreken rears his head,
  Uplifted, toward the skies ;
And shadowing branches, weave a bed,
O'er-arch'd, with rustic, coolest, shed,
For wondering pilgrim, curious, led
  To climb his swelling sides :

There, at the mountain's spreading foot,
In humble peaceful cot,
An honest rustic,—poor to boot,
Of children, twain, the happy root,
Of blissful love, the only fruit,
In hope, his woes, forgot.

Edwin, his mother's darling pride,
Full many a year, had been;
Laura, frail fortune's power, had tried:
But, still, her malice, worst, defied;
Her father had no joy, beside;—
No sweeter lass was seen.

Kind Heav'n, till late, had, bounteous, smil'd,
  Around their calm abode ;—
No curs'd ambition e'er defil'd
Their breasts with prospects, gilded, wild ;
Each nurs'd, fed, rear'd, the fav'rite child ;
  Resign'd their fate to God.

Health-bearing labor's constant task,
  Still the poor rustic's lot ;
Nor did he, prouder fortunes, ask ;
Knew fortune wore deceitful mask ;
Content to fill his water'd cask ;
  Sometimes, to boil the pot.

Well-pleas'd, return'd, at close of day,
To join his lov'd fire-side;
There, chase fatigue of work away;
Relieve the hour by converse gay;
To children, sing; with children, play;
Nor think of wealth and pride.

In bliss, like this, if bliss, indeed,
Aught earthly, can be call'd,—
Unnumber'd, pass'd the days, with speed;
From canker-worm, from sorrow, freed;
Adorn'd with virtue's richest meed;—
By no foul fear, appall'd.

Oh! you who seek, by guilty ways,
Or useless, hopeless, mean,
Your choicest happiness, to raise;
To pleasure, give your ceaseless praise;
And, yet, in langour, drag your days;—
Still, disappointment, glean;—

Oh! hither, cast your wand'ring eyes;
Contemplate, wisdom, here:—
See, poverty, to riches, rise;
At least, see wealth's sole useful prize;
The richest boon below the skies
The god-like treasure, *there!*

Who, all he seeks, obtains;

Observe, how well he knows to scan

The use of life's short, changeful, span;

What, none of you, with toiling, can,

Procure, he, daily, gains!

A mind at ease; an heart, untorn

By wanton wish or thought;

Strength, rosy health, distemper-shorn;

No burthen, but is lightly borne;

But, frail, alas! are stoutest hopes
Of happiness, on earth!—
Heav'n, oft, a burst of trial, opes;
And purest man, with misery, copes;
The clearest eye, in darkness, gropes;
In search of heav'nly birth.

To wise, all-sighted Providence,
Bliss, dangerous, appears;
The peasant's untried innocence,
His heart, steel'd but by ignorance,
Firmness, ne'er tried by tempted sense,
Upheld him many years.

Now, calmest skies begin to low'r ;
Dark, grows the atmosphere ;
Portentous clouds, their threatenings, pour ;
Dismal and dreary, strikes, the hour ;
Each blast foretels a bursting show'r ;
The rustic learns to fear.

'Twas changeful Autumn's varied scene,
The twilight of the year ;
When, now a joyous sky serene,
Now, clouds and tempest-gates, are seen,
And *Sol,* declining, smiles between
The farmer's hope and fear.

Quick bursts the thunder, high and loud;
  The light'ning's flash is seen;
Nearer, and darker, flies the cloud;
And midnight-veils, in grandeur proud,
The Heavens, prematurely shroud;
  Dispel each cheering scene.

The peasant-cottage luckless stood;—
  In danger's lap, was placed;—
Wreken's high towering top was food
For light'ning's fell, destructive, mood;
And, e'en, the fiery bridegroom, woo'd;—
  His head, bright chaplets, graced.

Now, down his parched sides, the fire,
In liquid streamlets, seeks
The fated Cot; wife, children, sire,
In fond embraces, strive t'inspire
Each other, by religious lyre,
While the peal, dismal, breaks.

Alas! weak, vain, is mortal power,
To shield precarious life!—
Within one short, disastrous, hour,
The furious, fire-begotten, shower,
Stript *Egbert* of his dearest flower,
His loving, much-lov'd wife!

Thus, quicker than the light'ning's blast,
Or thunder's fearful burst,
See sire and daughters' sky o'ercast,
With clouds, that cannot be o'erpast,
And horrors, never yet surpast;—
With vengeful misery curst!

Yet wretched sire! and children, dear,
Your murmurs, plaints, withhold!
Tho' worst of terror hovers near,
Distress, in all its shrouding gear,
With frightful visions, ghosts of fear,
Hope shall, your hearts, uphold!

The God, the bounteous lord, of all,
With mercy's cheering shield,
Both can and will your peace recal,
From scenes, which, present views, enthral,
And brighten e'en destruction's pall,
Bid tears, to comfort, yield.

The blast, which brings, to mortal sight,
The worst of punishment,
In his good time, shall purer light
Prove to be pour'd by mercy bright,
The harbinger of sure delight,—
A bliss-charged warrant, sent!

Near the reft peasant's hapless cot,
His worthy landlord dwelt;
Conrade his name; riches, his lot;
One, who, his duty ne'er forgot;
Who, also, children, twain, had got;
Like joys, paternal, felt.

When morn had spread her rosy wing,
The night's black tale was told;
Egbert's hard fate, the neighbors bring,
To *Conrade's* ears; his praises, sing;
And quick, as envious lightening,
Pity's soft wings unfold.

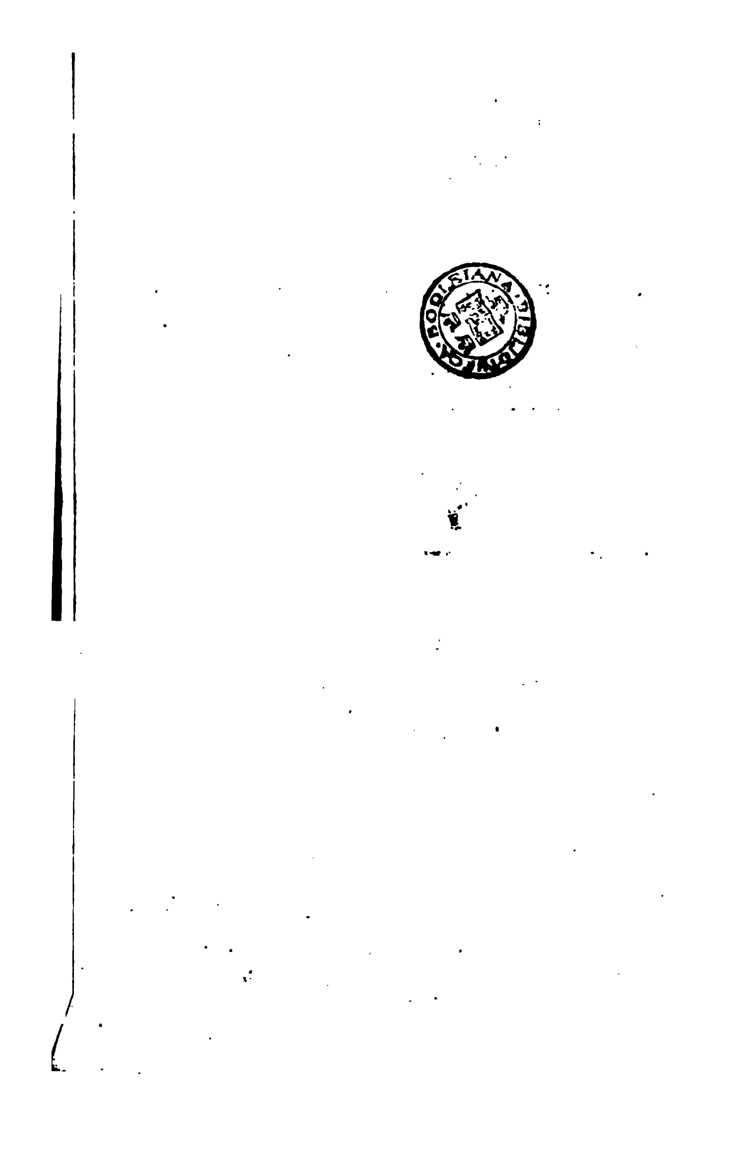
Straight to the wretched rustic's door,
The feeling *Conrade* went ;
His children, swifter, ran before ;
Soon sorrow's visage, joys in store,
With hopeful prospects, bliss, spread o'er ;
The thunder's shock was spent !

Good *Conrade, Egbert,* satisfied ;
Dispelled his bursting tears ;—
Young Conrade, love's pure language, tried ;—
Stella sat mute by *Edwin's* side ;
Soon comfort spread her pinions wide ;
And augur'd happier years.

Now, join'd in blissful wedlock's band,
The duteous pairs rejoice;
And bless the all wise pow'rful hand,
That did kind *Conrade's* help demand;
Wealth's ample stores, his means command;
Just Heaven approves the choice!

FINIS.

LONDON:
Printed by Cox and Baylis, 75, Great Queen Street,
Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.


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